MAN WHO BROKE UP THE MOLLY MAGUIRE GANG

Eventful Career of James McParlan, Well Called Greatest of Detectives.

Thirty-Four Years After His Wonderful Achievement in Pennsylvania, He Is the Center of Interest for His Work That Was Responsible for the Present Sensational Trials at Boise, Idaho—Lived for Years Among the "Mollies," Where His Life Literally "Hung by a Thread."

Philadelphia.—While there is but slight resemblance between the horrible crimes committed in the mining regions of Idaho and Colorado and the bloodcurdling deeds perpetrated in the mining regions of Pennsylvania a generation ago, there is this extraordinary link betwen them, that the same man was instrumental in procuring the most important evidence for the government in both cases.

James McParlan, easily the greatest of living detectives, did more than any other one man to break up that terrible organization known as the Molly Maguires. James McParlan, 34 years later, drew from Harry Orchard in the Idaho penitentiary a "confession" of more awful crimes than the Mollies ever dared to contemplate.

For more than 20 years the Mollies flourished in the anthracite mining regions of Pennsylvania. The organization was started before the civil war. It took its name from the ancient band of Irish Ribbonmen, who, disguised as women, made forays. They were named from Cornelius Maguire, baron of Enniskillen, who in 1641 took part in the Irish rebellion. The spirit which animated the Pennsylvania society was, however, entirely different from that of its prototype.

Membership in the Mollies was not confined to miners. There were saloonkeepers, tradespeople, artisans, officeholders and men of no occupation in the organization. By whom it was started, and for what purpose, have remained secrets. Its motto was "Friendship, Unity and True Christian Charity," and the meetings of the lodges and of the county conventions were opened with prayer. Then, after prayer, the business of making plans for assassination would be taken up.

It was not, however, until in the early 60s that murders became frequent. Some boss of a mine, some obnoxious policeman who had clubbed a drunken Molly, some miner who had incurred some displeasure of a member of the order, or some citizen who had spoken of it disrespectfully would be either beaten within an inch of his life, or murdered occasionally. But the crimes were sporadic. During the civil war they increased rapidly in number, and by 1871 there was a reign of terror in the whole anthracite region, extending over five counties. During that year and the year following there were 48 murders and innumerable assaults and crimes against property.

McParlan Becomes a Molly.

Gradually the enmity of the Mollies was directed toward the mine owners and the railroad corporations. One boss after another, who had made himself unpopular with the miners, was murdered. Mines were blown up or filled with water. Railroad property was burned or destroyed. Finally President Gowan, of the Philadelphia & Reading Coal and Iron company, seeing that the city and state authorities were powerless, determined to call on the Pinkertons for aid. They sent McParlan to the scene. That was in 1873, when McParlan was 29 years old.

McParlan came from the Pinkertons' Chicago office. He was born in Ireland, had come to this country when a young man and had had considerable experience with the world. Short and slightly built, but muscular, of fair complexion, with dark hair, broad forehead and gray eyes and wearing glasses, he presented a gentlemanly appearance. He had been coachman, policeman, clerk in a liquor store and had finally gone into business for himself. The Chicago fire wiped him out. Then he went to work for the Pinkertons.

Following his instructions to learn all he could about the Mollies, McParlan went to Pottsville, Pa. He changed his name to McKenna. He got acquainted with everybody. He was looking for work in the mines. He could sing a good song, dance a jig, pass a rough joke, be polite and attentive to the girls, drink his share of whisky and pay for it, and was always ready for a row or shindy of any kind. He was just a rollicking, impulsive, generous, careless, unreasonable, quarrelsome, devil-may-care Irishman.

He got a job in a mine. He insisted on working in his best clothes. Soon his coat was thrown aside, then his vest, and finally his shirt. He perspired and suffered under the unwonted toil. He soon learned, however, that it was not as the skillful miner or as the industrious laborer that admission to or influence in the Mollies was to be obtained.

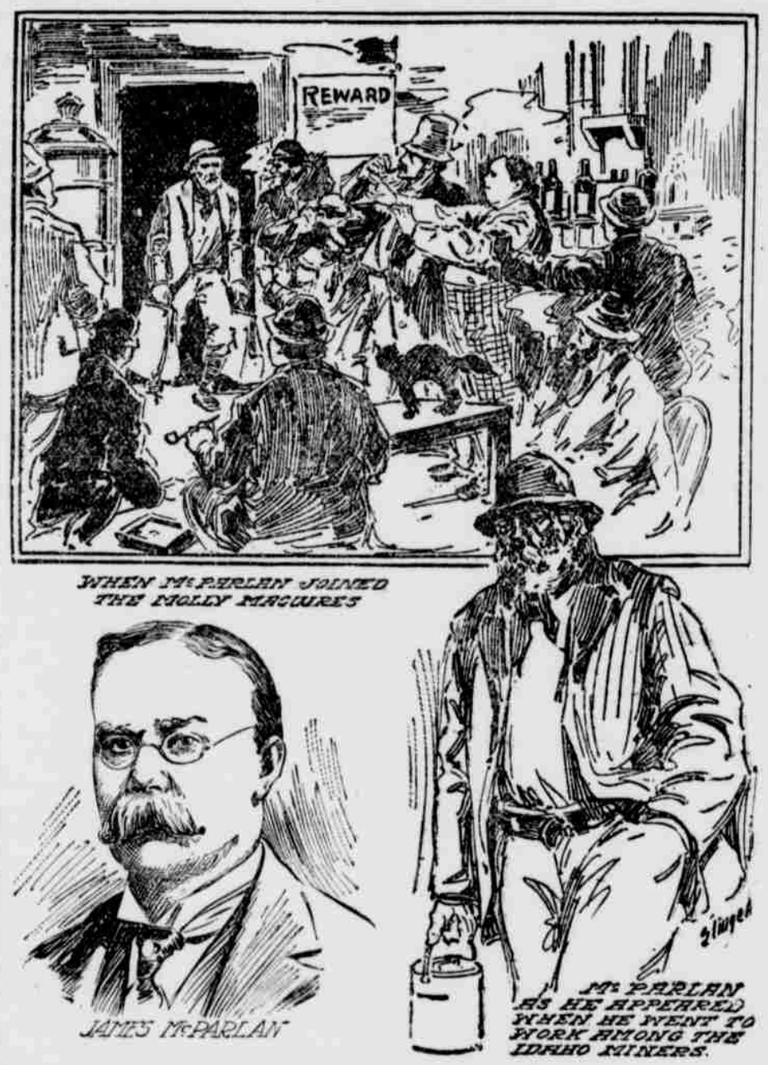
So he gave that up and cajoled a half-drunken saloonkeeper into divulging some of the secrets of the organization. He got a few of the signs and passwords. With these he was enabled to palm himself off as a Molly, saying that he had been a member of the organization elsewhere, and had been obliged to leave the place on account of a crime he had committed. This raised him in the esteem of the Mollies and he was admitted to full membership and to their confidence. He had, however, to be initiated over again, because members of one lodge or division could not be admitted to the deliberations of other lodges or divisions.

Prominent in the Order.

To attain his ends McParlan found that he would have to out-Molly the Mollies. He intensified the character he had first assumed. He became a loud brawler. He boasted of having committed all crimes, from petty larceny to murder. He was ready to drink, sing, dance, court a girl or fight. He pretended sympathy with the perpetrators of a crime after its commission, which he had been unable to prevent and the full details of which he was anxious to discover. He became secretary of his division. At meetings of the order he was the loudest talker and the biggest Molly of them all. But he never asked a man to join the order, and he never by word or deed suggested or encouraged a crime.

Circumstances compelled him to drink a great deal of bad whisky. He became sick in consequence. His hair fell out. He lost his eyebrows. His eyesight became impaired. He looked like a freak with his green spectacles, bald pate, rough shirt and old linen coat swaggering through the streets. No one suspected Jim McKenna, or dreamed that he was at work night and day gathering evidence that was to bring to a close the awful reign of terror.

Every night his reports went to the Pinkerton office in Philadelphia. That is the strangest part of the whole strange experience. He was in constant communication with his employers, and for more than two years he was never once suspected of being a detective. He warned many men who



WHEN McPARLAN JOINED THE MOLLY MAGUIRES

JAMES McPARLAN

McPARLAN AS HE APPEARED WHEN HE WENT TO WORK AMONG THE IDAHO MINERS.

were doomed to death by the Mollies He attended all the meetings of his division. He kept on the best of terms with everybody.

Suspected at Last.

Whenever he was detailed by the Mollies to commit some crime or to participate in the commission he always found some plausible excuse. But events moved swiftly. The evidence which he was furnishing gradually tightened the coils around the Mollies. One arrest followed another. And by and by it became apparent that some one was giving to the government all the secrets of the organization. One morning all the signs and passwords of the Mollies were published in every newspaper. Then there was no doubt that they had a traitor among them.

Suspicion fell upon McParlan. He had accidentally dropped a letter on the street. The Mollies accused him of treachery. He became indignant and brazened it out. He persuaded them that he was a terribly abused man. They begged his forgiveness. At least they all did except two of his brother officers in the order. The evidence against McParlan was too strong to be doubted. So they determined to kill him, not the next week, or the next day, but right off.

But McParlan gave them the slip, escaping only by the skin of his teeth. Sixteen men lay in wait to murder him, but he was warned just in the nick of time. Still he kept at his work, although he had another enemy to face. Outraged citizens had formed vigilance committees to retaliate on the Mollies. McParlan was known as an active leader of the organization, and his life was in danger, not only from the Mollies, but also from other citizens.

McParlan had been ordered to furnish a man to kill a mine superintendent who had incurred the enmity of a Molly. In order to gain time McParlan promised to obey, but kept delaying on one pretext or another. At last he took two men and some whisky and pretended to start. He got the men drunk and kept them drunk for two days. Then he started back, congratulating himself that he had saved another life, but on reaching town he learned that the mine superintendent had been murdered.

A crowd gathered, and some of the men recognized McParlan as a Molly leader. They started to lynch him, but he showed his usual nerve, and, drawing two revolvers, calmly walked through the crowd. Although he had failed in saving the superintendent's life, he determined that he would at least help to capture the murderers. Going into a hotel, he wrote a few words on several slips of paper and dropped them in the street where they could be readily found. They were picked up and a posse, acting on the hint, was organized and went after the murderers. They were subsequently hanged.

"The Air Is Polluted."

Finally, suspected by the Mollies, hated and feared by respectable citizens who did not know his real character, and half sick from the strain of the work, he begged to be relieved. "I am sick and tired of this work," he wrote in one of his reports. "I hear of murder and bloodshed in all directions. The air is polluted. I can't stand it much longer." Indeed, he would surely have been killed if he had remained, for the feeling was strong against him. So, toward the end of 1875 he returned to Philadelphia and was warmly welcomed by the Pinkertons.

In the following spring came the trials of about 50 men accused of murder or of complicity in murder. In the course of his opening for the government the district attorney startled the audience in the courtroom by announcing that among the witnesses who would be offered by the state was a man who for years had lived in the county, had associated with the Mollies, had been a member of the order, was familiar with its crimes and was prepared to identify the murderers.

This witness was known to the people of the coal regions as James McKenna, but his real name was James McParlan, and he was a detective, said the district attorney. When McParlan was called to the witness stand the audience could scarcely believe that the quiet, gentlemanly, yet cool and resolute detective was the wild and reckless Jim McKenna they had known.

Eleven Mollies Hanged.

McParlan was on the stand four days. He told his story simply and amazed every one by his revelations. The most searching cross-examination failed to find a flaw in his testimony. When he told the story of his being suspected of being a detective, intense silence prevailed in the court room. For the first time the prisoners manifested uneasiness. There were many Mollies present, and they listened with blanched cheeks to the recital.

At the close of the trials Pres Gowan paid a fine tribute to McParlan. After warning the public that if there was another murder in that county by that society there would be "an inquisition for blood with which nothing that had been known in the annals of criminal jurisprudence could compare," he added:

"And to whom are we indebted for the security we now have? To whom do we owe all this? Under the divine providence of God, to whom be all the honor and glory, we owe this safety to James McParlan, and if ever there was a man to whom the people of this county should erect a monument, it is James McParlan, the detective."

As a result of the trials 11 men were hanged, and about 40 others sent to state prison. That was a death blow to the Mollies. They have not been heard from since then. And now, after a generation, McParlan is one of the central characters in the great drama, one of the scenes of which is being enacted in Idaho.

JACKSON'S ROMANCE

By Robert Carlton Brown

PERSONAL.—Will courteous young gentleman who so kindly assisted young lady knocked down by Wentworth avenue car kindly call on her at —— Vernon avenue?

Jackson read the notice over again, carefully conning each word. As he read, a blush rose to his cheeks and his fingers twitched nervously.

Jackson was the young man, and the young woman— half closing his eyes, he could remember every detail of that sweet face. The long, black lashes drooped over her eyes so prettily as she leaned back on him in an effort to regain her breath. The color that had mounted in her cheeks when she was aroused from her faint and found herself in his arms. Those full lips which were so close to his that he might have—had he dared. The memories were delicious, and now she was advertising for him.

A score of happy romances flitted through his young and sensitive mind as he thought. Yes—all of them had ended happily. An accident, a poor lady in distress, a hero to the rescue, recovery in his arms, the second meeting, the engagement. Yes, indeed, they all ended most happily and, surely, why should not this one?

"Providence," Jackson mused, "takes things in its own hands. A man and a woman bump into each other on the street and either fall in love or the gutter. Providence is to blame for everything. How often you read of a man saving a girl from drowning, and then the usual result, marriage, and happily together ever after."

His hopes rose as he thought on, there could be no other conclusion; it was inevitable; and Jackson was glad of its inevitability.

She had advertised for him to thank him, and, he hoped, to reward him with the greatest thing in the world. What a thoughtful thing for her to do; she had no chance in public to show him her gratitude—it would not have been proper there.

Jackson loved her all the more for her thoughtfulness, for her reserve in not making a manifestation of her great appreciation before that common, horrid crowd which had gathered about them immediately after the accident.

It was three by the time Jackson had done musing and had built the last aircastle in which they were to live happily ever after. Then he rose hurriedly and rushed off to his room to dress.

Beau Brummel never stood longer before his glass than did Jackson on that eventful afternoon. She would want her hero to look his best, he argued; it was, therefore, not from vanity that he picked out the most delicately colored tie to match his shirt. As he dressed he studied over what he would say, how he would act when she submerged him with her profuse thanks. It would be difficult, he thought, to accept so many thanks from her. He studied over what to say and how to act to show her best that great love he had for her.

At last, fully dressed, with his mind fully made up to end the romance that afternoon, if she were so inclined, Jackson boarded one of the Wentworth avenue cars which providence had made instrumental in bringing them together.

The ride was short—to the impatient lover is seemed an age as he stood on the platform nervously inhaling a cigarette in an effort to quiet his thumping heart.

It was a good neighborhood. Jackson was glad of that, but already he was in such a frenzy of love that he would have forgiven her a worse thing than living even in the Ghetto.

With no difficulty he found the house, walked proudly up the stairs and rang the bell.

A maid answered the bell and ushered him into a parlor.

In a few moments the girl came down. Jackson rose to greet her. She gave him her hand coldly, but he excused it on account of her reserve and even that little coldness gave her greater charm in his eyes.

"I'm so sorry to have troubled you," she began.

"Trouble," laughed Jackson. "You know there can be no trouble where you are concerned."

"But you know," she went on, paying no attention to his effort at a compliment. "But, you know, it was quite necessary that I should see you."

"And I was even more anxious to see you," burst out Jackson, "and to find that your accident was not serious."

Still she paid no attention to him; there seemed to be something on her mind.

"I lost my pocketbook," she began again, "and I—I thought that you—you had taken—that is, I thought you possibly had found it."

"O," gasped Jackson. "O—was—was that all—was that what you advertised for?"

"Why, yes, what do you think?" she smiled.

"I—I didn't know," murmured Jackson, weakly, reaching for his hat. "No, I didn't find the purse."

Speaking of Men's Birthdays.

She—Candles are far from obsolete. Despite the general use of petroleum, gas, and electricity, the production of candles in the United States during 1906 amounteid to $3,889,362.

He—Why, of course, men's birthdays demand an increased number of candles every year.—Yonkers Statesman.

SURGEON'S MISTAKE

NOT VERY SERIOUS; HE ONLY CUT OFF THE WRONG LEG.

Inasmuch as Experimental Tinkering with the Tariff Might Also Prove to Be a Mistake the Wiser Plan Would Be Not to Cut Off Either Leg.

The New York Times makes bold to say that "if we reduced the tariff we should import more goods, and we should also export more goods." Import more we certainly should if our tariff rates were lowered, and more yet if we had no tariff at all. If to increase our imports be the main consideration, why have any tariff?

But does it follow that our exports would increase in equal ratio? And, if so, what sort of commodities would we more largely export than we now do? Certainly not manufactures, for, even though the American wage standard were to be reduced down to the foreign level—a proposition, by the way, which opens up a vista of grave consequences which no man can contemplate without a shudder of fear and dread—our lower priced goods would not be allowed to invade the markets of manufacturing countries. Corresponding wage reductions would inevitably occur in such countries. The workers in European mills and factories must somehow and at some wage be employed. Otherwise chaos comes again.

Not in foodstuffs could our exports greatly increase under a lower tariff or no tariff, for the reason that by so much as we should succeed in displacing production or in reducing wages in foreign countries, by so much we should reduce their ability to take and pay for our surplus food products.

No; it does not follow that greater exports go with greater imports. It was not so from 1893 to 1897. We are now exporting fully twice the quantity which we then exported.

Reduction of the tariff with a view to increasing competitive imports must of necessity break down the American wage rate. Nobody, we believe, disputes that. The free trader and the tariff "reformer" will tell you that wages are too high and ought to come down, but that lower cost of living will compensate for the cut in wages. This is like inflicting a stab and then pouring balsam into the open wound. The pain may be less, but the wound is still there, and it was not there before. The question, then, is whether it is wise to inflict the stab; whether for the mere pleasure of trying experiments in the treatment of wounds we should apply the knife.

The healthiest condition known to the history of human labor and production exists in the United States today. "I never made but one really serious mistake," said a great surgeon. "Was it attended with fatal consequences?" "Oh, no," was the reply; "I merely cut off the wrong leg." In the present case the wiser practice would seem to be not to cut off either leg. Let nature take its course. The American body politic requires no tariff surgery of any kind.

Not Quite Killed.

"Forty years of almost exclusive attention to domestic trade has killed our instinct for commerce across the seas."—N. Y. Evening Post.

Not exactly. The instinct appears to be very much alive. Forty years ago, in 1866, our exports were $348,859,522. In 1906 they were $1,798,107,955, an increase of 500 per cent. In 1866 our total foreign trade was $783,671,588; 40 years later it was $3,119,172,649, not counting trade with Porto Rico and Hawaii, which will bring the total to nearly $3,200,000,000—an increase of over 400 per cent. Forty years ago our imports were $434,812,060; 40 years later they were $1,321,054,694. All this would seem to indicate a considerable attention to foreign trade, and with a fair degree of success. It suggests that while taking good care of the domestic market and the internal trade our instinct for commerce across the seas has been far from killed. Our attention to internal trade has made us, alike per capita and in gross, the richest among all the nations. Foreign trade is a side issue; a good thing to have, but, in comparison, a minor consideration. "Foreign trade," said Andrew Carnegie, "is a braggart; domestic trade is the true king."

Mr. Root and Canada.

It is understood that as a basis for complete free trade between the United States and Canada Secretary Root has proposed the adoption by the Dominion of the American tariff schedules in their entirety, as against other countries, Great Britain included. Coming from any other than so lofty an official source the proposition would seem impracticable almost to the point of absurdity. The establishment of uniform tariff rates and their uniform enforcement would necessitate on Canada's part withdrawal from the British empire and political union with the United States. Such a merger would also involve the complete abandonment of Canada's industrial aspirations. Canada would spurn either of these proposals if considered separately; coupled together, as they would have to be, she would not entertain them for a moment. A little deeper study of the tariff question would serve to enlighten Secretary Root regarding many things that cannot be done.

WAGES AND THE TARIFF.

Some Reckless Admissions Made by Democratic Leader.

In a speech in congress the other day Hon. John Sharp Williams reviewed the coming of immigrants to this country, the swelling stream ever since colonial days. He said they came to better their condition; that there was a falling off in panic years, but that the rule was a steady inflow. He gave as one reason the higher wages paid in this country and said:

> There never was a period from the time the pilgrims landed on Plymouth Rock up to the adoption of the Constitution of the United States when wages for the blacksmith, the carpenter, for the skilled artisan and the unskilled labor in the field, were not about double what they were in Great Britain. No tariff, high tariff, low tariff—all sorts of tariff—it made no difference what the tariff on our statute books was, they came.

That is very reckless talk for a leader in congress. Can Mr. Williams explain why there was always a falling off in immigration when free trade was the rule in our country?

Without elaborating or going back beyond the memories of middle-aged men, it is enough to say that in 1893, 1894 and 1895, skilled laborers' wages fell 40 per cent.; common laborers' wages fell 30 per cent., and thousands and tens of thousands and hundreds of thousands of laborers, skilled and unskilled, were unable to find employment on any terms. This may not have applied to Mississippi, but it did apply to the entire northeast, north and west.

It is just as plain that if the tariff were struck down to-day a million of skilled laborers would be without work in a month, and in two months immigration would be cut down 60 per cent.—Salt Lake City Telegram.

JUST STAND PAT.

The Public Satisfied with the Present Tariff Policy.

The majority of the people of the country are well enough satisfied with our present tariff policy and do not demand or desire any change therein. So long as we are so prosperous that we are exporting three thousand millions of dollars in merchandise, etc., every year and also importing more than any other country in the world except Great Britain; so long as we are not able to get either laborers or supplies to meet all the demands of our prosperity, that neither men nor materials can be had to carry on the work which is wanting and waiting to be done, there is little use of talking about revising the tariff. The present congressional campaign will have to be won on a campaign of no apology for any Republican principle or policy. Unless we begin to admit that the tariff policy is wrong the Democrats will find the Republican party and Republican policies invulnerable and unassailable. If any loophole is given for Democratic success it will be the Republicans' own making, and will constitute an error as difficult of reparation as it will be foolish in its conception.—Salem (Ore.) Statesman.

DOESN'T CARE TO DISCUSS THE SUBJECT.

Tariff Reformer—Polly want a cracker?

Polly—Aw, forget it!

The Editor and the Tailor.

It is a dull ass that will not mend his pace with beating. Let us suppose that the editor wants to buy a suit of clothes and that his tailor wants to advertise in the Mail. The tailor has doubled his prices. The editor protests. "Very well," says the tailor; "I will reduce my price 50 per cent. if you will reduce your advertising rates 50 per cent." But that isn't fair," says the editor. "You have doubled the price on your goods, while my advertising rates are the same that they were before. If I cut 50 per cent. in rates I shall be getting only half what I have been getting for my advertising, while if you cut 50 per cent. you will get precisely what you got before for the clothes." "It makes no difference," insists the tailor. "Those are my prices, and if you don't like them you can buy your clothes somewhere else." "That is precisely what I'm going to do," says the editor, "and you can advertise in some other paper if you can find anybody that is fool enough to let you double your rates on him and at the same time cut down his own rates one-half. Good-day, sir." Call the editor Uncle Sam, and the tailor Kaiser Wilhelm, and you have the German tariff situation precisely. Does the Mail see it yet?